Moore. I, and as good as *Saturnine* may.
Demet. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality?
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Moore. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.
Chiron. I so the turne were serued.
Demet. *Aron* thou hast hit it.
Moore. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tirde with this a doo.
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speede?
Chiron. Faith not me.
Demet. Nor me, so I were one.
Aron. For shame be friends, and ioyne for that you iar,
'Tis pollicie and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Then this *Lauinia*, *Bassianus* loue.
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home By force if not by words,
This way or not at all, stand you in hope,
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit

To villanie and vengeance con
Will we acquaint with all that w
And she shall file our engines w
That will not suffer you to squa
But to your wishes height aduan
The Emperours court is like the
The pallace full of tongues, of e
The woods are ruthles, dreadful
There speake, and strike braue
There serue your lust, shadowe
And reuell in *Lauinias* treasuri
Chiron. Thy counsell lad smel
Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I fi
To coole this heat, a charme to
Per Stigia, per manes Vehor.

Enter Titus Andronicus *and*
a noyse with hounds

Titus. The hunt is vp, the m
The fields are fragrant, and the
Vncouple heere, and let vs mak
And wake the Emperour, and
And rouze the Prince, and ring
That all the court may eccho w
Sonnes let it be your charge, as
To attend the Emperours perso
I haue bene troubled in my slee
But dawning day new comfort
Heere a cry of houndes, and win
Saturninus, Tamora, Bassia
metrius, and the
Titus. Many good morrowes
Madam to you as many and as
I promised your Grace, a Hunt

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